

DARKNESS

The darkness, she comes in the night,
so that no one can see her flight.
She leaves no footprints in the mud,
just a presence in the air of blood.

Darkness has deep cuts on her wrists,
floating about in garments of mists.
She works for golden visions of doom,
she mocks at spirits locked in their tomb.

She wades knee deep high through the fog,
while the moon echoes a far away dog.
The water on the pond she's been through
she leaves on the grass and calls it the dew.

The odour on her hands smells of death,
but ghostly tremours are all she's left
when the dawn's light pierces the trees,
darkness is dragged off by the morning breeze.

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